

A woman's look into the future is directed toward the time when she will need a new set of furs.

The statistics show that is practically impossible for the average working girl to save anything out of her salary for the clairvoyant and fortune teller.

When a girl doesn't get a letter every time the postman makes his rounds she thinks there is a conspiracy on the part of the government employees to withhold her mail.

Generally speaking when an elderly widower marries it is into the well known Trouble family.

"He is the sort of fellow," said Eph Wiley yesterday in referring to his youngest daughter's suitor, "who would take the Gentleman's Home Journal if there were any such publication."

When a woman says she is ready to start her husband knows it is time for him to begin dressing for the party.

In a country neighborhood a highly educated person is one who can secure a certificate permitting him to teach school.

Join one of the Christmas Clubs. That is a good way to save money.

The effect of the increase in railroad rates, so far, is merely psychological as the new rates will not become effective until January first.

We are going to have a revival of business, not an account of anything the Democratic party has done, but in spite of it. The war has in effect given the manufacturers the protection they had under the Payne-Aldrich bill and that will help some.

A LINCOLN EPIC.

Benj. J. Gunn, a western poet has issued a poetic volume, entitled *Life of Abraham Lincoln*. Mr. Gunn states that his poem has the endorsement of every member of the Supreme Court of his state so that a critical review or its merits here would be supererogatory, if not in the nature of contempt of court, yet some of the finer metaphorical images and other figures of speech might be quoted to give the ignorant reader a general conception of the poem, retarding to Lincoln's first political campaign Mr. Gunn fires off the following:

When he had been two years a man He for the Legislature ran. 284 votes given In his own precinct. He lost 7.

A poetic stanza as compact as an official count, and a proof of Lincoln's personal popularity at that period of his career, as well as of the confidence reposed in him by his fellow citizens is more impressive than volumes of ordinary prose writings. Mr. Gunn proves to be loaded with exact information, and it may be said that his aim is high in this epic work. His poem takes little advantage of license, sticking closely to facts, a happy and appropriate idea, considering Lincoln's well known characteristic of

truth and veracity. Thus Mr. Gunn takes a shot at the Chicago convention of 1860, giving seven stanzas to the balloting. For instance: On the first ballot Seward votes. One hundred three and seventy votes. While Lincoln got twice 51. And 50 went to Cameron—and so on. The school boy compelled to commit this poem to memory would thereby imbibe and preserve in mind a detailed knowledge concerning the great emancipator's life, the exact vote received at any given moment, the dates and length of his speeches, and so on, surpassing that of perhaps the ripest living statesman. To drop into a poetic figure of speech ourselves we might say that school boards could do worse, and possibly will, than to supply this Gunn for our American infantry, in order that the youth of the land may become familiar with the intimate details of Lincoln's career. Finishing off the Chicago convention Mr. Gunn notes that—

Then for Vice President was taken H. Hamlin, of the State of Maine, Last letters three of Abraham. With the first three of his last name thereby providing against the faded interest of his reader by the inspiration of an unexpected but none the less stimulating charade or rebus, giving variety and excitement to the perusal of his verse.

No less than sixteen stanzas are devoted to the Lincoln-Douglas debate. Mr. Gunn opening this volley with the remark that

In 1858 The most remarkable debate The nations of the world had seen Occurred in Illinois between the well known gentlemen mentioned, who are described in their physical appearance in the lines.

The latter, tall and bony, met The former, low and heavy set. The third stanza in this group opens the debate:

On June 16 Abe Lincoln spoke At Springfield and the silence broke. Judge Douglas on July 9 replied And at Chicago told his side.

Comparatively few Americans much as they respect the memory of Lincoln, keep these momentous dates and places strictly in mind, but Mr. Gunn is nothing if not mindful of the obligation of the poet to fidelity to dates.

At Springfield stood both men next night. Continuing their gallant fight. Not only the dates and places but the trend of the argument is faithfully portrayed.

October 7 the fifth took place Before the Galesburg populace; October 13 Quincy met And listened to the sixth debate.

One of what we might call the "massive and concrete" passages of this poem converts into rhyme, with close fidelity to the prose text, Lincoln's Gettysburg address, following a brief account of the election result of 1864—

The 5th day of November came And people stood by Abraham. It is a question whether Mr. Gunn does not at times carry fidelity to detail a thought too far, as when he describes the beloved martyr President as "assassinated in the rear," yet on the whole we doubt if any human will get more enjoyment out of this historic biographical poem than would Lincoln himself, a judge of poetry and a lover of the appropriate and fitting or all occasions, with a keen sense of times, seasons and proportions, with all of which this work of Mr. Gunn abounds. In his epic Mr. Gunn may indeed, like the Lexington farmers, have fired another "shot heard 'round the world."

TODAY WE CELEBRATE.

"RIZAL DAY" IN PHILIPPINES

RECALLS "SAD LOVE STORY." This is "Rizal Day" in the Philippines, and a legal holiday in those distant isles where the brown men will today honor the memory of their greatest hero, "the Washington of the Philippines," Dr. Jose Rizal. A Tagalog by birth, Jose Rizal was a man of extraordinary ability, and after several years in European medical colleges and as a specialist in diseases of the eye he attained considerable fame. Honored by his professional brethren of Europe and America, with wealth in his grasp, he abandoned everything to cast in his lot with those of his countrymen who dreamed of freedom from Spanish oppression. He organized the revolutionary society which soon became the dominant factor in the Philippines. Because of his activities he was first exiled to a remote island of Mindanao, and later was accused of sedition and shot to death by a detail of Spanish soldiers. The tragic death of Rizal came on December 30, 1896, and the Philippines have ever since observed the day as a patriotic holiday.

Rizal was the author of two novels, "Noli Me Tangere" and "El Filibusterismo," which are the great Philippine classics, and which have lately been translated into English under the titles of "The Social Cancer" and "The Reign of Greed." The friars as well as the Spanish officials of the Philippines are bitterly attacked, and the books are of great historic value as giving a picture of Philippine society under the Spanish regime, which now seems like a record of medieval oppression.

The sombre hue of "The Social Cancer" is lightened by a narrative of the adventures of a pair of lovers, who, however, are separated by the oppression of church and state. Many years later Rizal was himself to become the tragic hero of what a Phil-

ippine writer has described as "the saddest love story ever told." If all the world loves a lover, the world will shed a tear over the sad fate of Rizal and his bride. It was about two years before Rizal's death that the Filipino hero made the acquaintance of Josephine Bracken, the adopted daughter of a wealthy American named Tauefer. The latter, a resident of Hongkong, was afflicted with a disease of the eyes which baffled all the specialists of Hongkong. He was advised to go to Manila to see Dr. Rizal, who was recommended as the greatest eye specialist in the East. Arrived at Manila, where he was accompanied by his daughter, his adopted daughter, and a servant, Mr. Tauefer discovered that Rizal had been banished to an island of Mindanao. With the permission of the authorities, Tauefer chartered a ship and set out to find Rizal. His daughter remained in Manila, but he was accompanied by Miss Bracken.

The meeting between Dr. Rizal and Miss Bracken was a case of love at first sight. After an examination Dr. Rizal pronounced Tauefer's case hopeless, and he was ready to return to Manila at once, but his adopted daughter refused to leave the exile with whom she had fallen so suddenly and desperately in love. Despite all entreaties, in which Rizal joined, she remained with her lover, and Tauefer returned to Manila alone. Although a marriage ceremony was impossible, she determined to share the hut of the hero, and there they remained, alone in the jungle, until Dr. Rizal received a conditional pardon. His enemies were still active, however, and he was soon tried and sentenced to be shot. On the eve of Rizal's execution he made Miss Bracken his wife. After the execution of her husband, the bride made her way to the rebel lines, where she was received as a saint of the cause of Filipino liberty.

—H. S. S., in New York Sun.

Who's Who in the War.

GORDON-LENNOX.

Of the noble families of Great Britain few have played a more prominent part in the present war and in the South African conflict than that of Gordon-Lennox. The present head of the family, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who began his seventieth year on Sunday, won honors in the Boer struggle, as did his eldest son and heir, the Earl of March, and a younger son, Lord Esme Charles Gordon-Lennox. Charles Henry Gordon-Lennox, the Earl of March, was born 44 years ago today, Dec. 30, 1870. As aide-de-camp to Field Marshal Lord Roberts, commanding the South African forces, the youthful nobleman won his D. S. O. and honorable mention in the dispatches. When the present war broke out he was an officer of the Sussex Yeomanry, and went to the front with that body of famous fighting men. One of his younger brothers, Major Lord Bernard Charles Gordon-Lennox, of the Grenadier Guards, who had served in South Africa and China, was killed in battle last month. Besides the titles of Duke of Richmond and Earl of March, the Gordon-Lennox family holds the titles of Baron of Settrington, now held by the Earl's eldest son; Duke of Lennox, Earl of Dornley, Baron Methuen, Duke of Gordon, Earl of Kinnaird, Hereditary Constable of Inverness Castle, and the French title of Duke d'Aubigny. The Gordon-Lennox family is descended from King Charles II, as a result of his unconventional alliance with the famous beauty, Louise Rencoe de Perrencourt de Querouaille, to whom the infatuated monarch gave numerous titles and honors, and whom Louis XIV. made Duchess d'Aubigny. The family has long been prominent in England, and the fifth Duke was a famous officer in the wars against Napoleon.

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later editions the title was changed to "An Essay on the Principle of Population, or a View of its Past and Present Effects on Human Happiness. With an Inquiry Into Our Prospects Respecting the Future Removal or Mitigation of the Evils Which It Occasions." The main principle of the work is that population, when unchecked, doubles itself every 25 years, and thus increases in a geometrical progression while the means of subsistence increases only in an arithmetical progression. The author urged that restriction of the birthrate thus became necessary to save mankind from outstripping the means of subsistence.

Current Comment

CROQUET VS. TREADMILLS.

(By Helen Ring Robinson.) Not long ago I visited an Eastern prison for women.

As it happened I was admitted just in time to see the inmates taking their daily half hour recreation in the prison yard.

On four sides were high walls of stone and brick; in the center, a dejected grass plot. And around and around this narrow plot women were marching in treadmill procession, dumbly, abjectly, with folded arms and a curious shuffling pace, due not so much to prison discipline, perhaps, as to the fact that their shoes were shaped like hams.

As it happened, also, last month I reached the women's department of the Colorado state penitentiary at Canon City during the recreation period of the inmates.

Vines with brilliant autumn foliage decked like banners the gray stone walls of the cell house, and around it some hardy flowers were still blooming, though it was late November. For Canon City is sheltered from cold winds and nestles close to the sun.

The afternoon dusk was gathering. "There is the woman's recreation field and croquet ground," said Warden Tynan, pointing to a wide green space close under the windows of the cell house and yet with a suggestion of privacy about it.

A croquet ground at a prison! I remembered that Eastern treadmill and moved nearer.

Four colored women convicts were playing croquet, with a merry clicking of balls and juicy snickers of laughter.

"Good," cried Warden Tynan and I together as one of the players made a lucky shot.

She was a strapping big creature, and as she turned toward us beaming responsively, her full, round black face wrapped about with a fleecy white crocheted scarf, suggested nothing so much as a sable cloud showing its silver lining at the edges.

Now, all the women prisoners at Canon City do not spend their recreation period playing croquet, and not everything about that Eastern prison was so sodden and senseless as its "recreation."

Yet none the less, just as scientists can—so they say—reconstruct a prehistoric monster from a single fossil vertebra, so two distinct prison systems were disclosed by that Eastern treadmill and that Canon City game of croquet.

I have nothing to say about those prison wardens who still hold to the stupid theory of punishment. God made them, but you will nowhere read that He pronounced them "good." Warden "Tom" Tynan and those who hold with him are quite as far from such men as they are from certain other mild minded people who stew in a muddling mess of sentimentality whenever the word prison is mentioned.

Tynan believes that men and women who have broken the law are sent to prison, primarily, in order that they may learn to live under the law. To learn this lesson while they are behind penitentiary walls they must be placed under conditions as much as possible like those of society outside of the walls.

That is the theory of Tom Tynan's "honor and trust" system—whether at the prison ranches, the convict road camps or during recreation hour at the women's department.

Convicts must be prepared for freedom by the largest possible measure of individual freedom. In other words—to write for a moment like a "penologist"—they must be given a chance to develop their moral initiative.

It is plain enough, then, returning to our symbols, that it is easier to learn practical farming in an airship than to acquire moral initiative at a prison treadmill.

But anyone who has ever played croquet knows that game offers a complete course in moral initiative.

Luke McLuke

(From Cincinnati Enquirer.)

The lad who couldn't tell you the name of the Vice President is the same fellow who can tell you how to run the government.

The old fashioned 17-year-old girl who used to read books on "What a Young Girl Ought to Know," now has a 17-year-old daughter who puts her mother wise.

The willowy girl cops out the covers of the magazines. But the girl with the wide curves and the dimples in her anatomy attracts all the attention on the street.

What has become of the old fashioned man who used to wear a new paper collar every Sunday?

Before you get her she can say things with her eyes that make you feel funny all over. And after you get her she can say things with her mouth that make you feel funny all over.

Since the vacuum cleaner displaced the broom a man can't find a blame-

thing but his wife's hairpins to clean his pipe with.

In the game of love you can always take a heart if you will lend a diamond.

State Editors

THE TOWN NEWSPAPER. Stand by your own newspaper. If there is anything in your town worth talking about, ten chances to one your little town paper has a hand in putting it there, and if there exists any unsightly or unsavory nuisance twenty chances to one it will stay there till your town editor sees it or smells it and wipes his pen on the town board's breeches. If anybody beyond the walls of your little burg ever learns that there is such a place as Peaceville it will be through the town oracle.

Every village gets its money's worth in the village newspaper. It's the wagon that carries all your good things, to market. It ought to be kept in good repair. In many cases it would pay to grease it, paint it, keep its running gear in shape and shelter it at the public expense.

Stand by your town newspaper. It's the guardian and defender of every interest, the forerunner and pioneer of every advance movement and the sturdy advocate of law and order. Take it away and it would not be six months before the town would look as if it had been doped. Business would drag, society would yawn, and grass would grow between the cobles.—Bellington Progressive.

THE STATE'S NEEDS.

That a call should be made for additional revenues to carry on the state government is not a matter of surprise. Almost every time the legislature has met within the last fifteen years there has been an increased expenditure necessary to provide for the expanding wants of the state. The increase in prices that has been experienced by the general consumer within the same period has been likewise experienced by the state, which has had to provide the additional revenues necessary to carry on in a proper manner the state government. Consequently an increased expenditure of itself would not necessarily appear to be so out of place.—Charleston Mail.

Just Smiles

We had to get a new hired girl yesterday because Pa fired the none that was too full of intellect. She made Pa mad because she used sum words that he had to look up in the dictionary.

Pa sed he wuddent have a girl working for us that cud drive him to Webster's. The name of the new girl is Imogene. Her last name is Duffy. She worked in a restaurant along time & she knows a lot of nice slang words wich she is going to teen me, if Ma doesent find it out.

Well, well, & yure naim is Imogene Duffy, sed Pa wen Ma sed this is the new girl. A vary unfonyous naim. I should call it, too, sed Pa. I had a Irish girl onst whose naim was Desdemona Dugan, & she had the saim merry twinkel in her eye that y you have.

What do you mean, merry twinkel, sed Imogene. Say, Mister, she sed to Pa, if nerve was music you would be a orkestry. Lay off on me and my monaker, she sed, or me for the exit, see. So Pa dident say any moar until the girl brot in the dinner.

You mite bring me a fork, Imogene, sed Pa, & I think I cud dispense with no of these three knives. I ain't a juggler, sed Pa.

But I thought you might be a sword swallower, sed Imogene. There was a gent used to eat at the Eleet war I worked, & he always ate with his knife. He was a ringer for you, too, sed Imogene, a ded ringer, only he had more forehead.

Imogene, sed Ma, that will be enuff conversashun from you. Yo are here to wait on us & not to entertain us. I doant think that Miss Duffy is going

the children's faces! Now, you're a pretty sanguine man, Henry, but what on earth can you hope for a woman like that?"

"Well," said Henry, "I suppose all we can hope for is that she entertains a good deal."

THE STAGE

"Little Lost Sister."

"Votes for women, the minimum wage, why girls leave home and the pursuit of the almighty dollar are commingled into an entirety in 'Little Lost Sister,' the white slave play dramatized from the novel of the same name by Virginia Brooks, the girl who cleaned vice out of West Hammond, Ill."

"Little Lost Sister" is the story of how a white slaver lures a trusting country girl to Chicago with him and goes through a mock ceremony of marriage. How she rebels against the life he wants her to lead. How she finally returns to her home to receive her mother's blessing. The play must be called a comedy, because there is much joy in Millville as the final curtain falls.

At the Grand New Year's, matinee and night.

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THE TOLL OF THE YEAR

The old year closes and the new year begins—where do you stand? Have you progressed? Are you no better off now than you were twelve months ago?

If not, its time you resolved to DO something instead of NOT to do something. Why not begin to

Better Yourself Financially by the Time Next Year Comes Around

Your "New Leaf" this year should be headed with a determined resolution to save.

Proper saving for system and safety demands banking. We are ready to give you the kind of banking service you need.

First National Bank OF FAIRMONT

LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA

By William F. Kirk

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